

# CONFERENCE CONCERNING Transubstantiation.

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Verfify'd by A. N.

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Address'd to J. M. Author of the Conference on the  
Meaning of the Word *Transubstantiation*.

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*His Wit above his Sphere arifing,  
His Father's, and his Church defpiing,  
With foolifh pain his Pen employing,  
And his own Cause with Force deftroying,  
He blunders out with Freedom wide,  
Stuff, Nonsense, Herefy and Pride.*

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Added to the collection of the British Museum on the  
 morning of the 11th Nov 1963

Printed in the Year 1750

## To the AUTHOR, &amp;c

SIR,

**Y**OUR excellent Conference with some Divines of the Church of England about the meaning of the Word Transubstantiation, came accidentally into my Hands, at which I was so agreeably surprized, that I could scarce contain myself. It is well known that I am a Man of Wit, and nothing pleases me more, than to see the witty and learned Productions of those who can amuse the World with something new. And tho' several valuable Papers have appeared here, and are constantly carried about the Streets, none, Sir, so bright as yours. I therefore think proper the World should behold it; and as I am sensible your Humility, which you express in it, would not permitt you to publish it too far, by giving it a poetical Dress; I have taken that Task for the good of the Publick on my self, and as I know that Verses are more apt to draw the Curiosity of the People than Prose, I have versify'd it in the following manner, being, Sir, Your

Admirer and Servant,

A. N.



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# CONFERENCE

BETWEEN *J. M.*

A Roman Catholick Gentleman,

AND SOME

## D I V I N E S

OF THE

Church of ENGLAND, &c.

**E**Mploy'd in learned Dissertation,  
With some Divines of Reformation  
For *Roman* Church with Zeal disputing,  
And fill'd with Talents for confuting ;  
With what great Joy did I explore  
What no Man e'er found out before.

I found upon Consideration,  
That the wise Church of Reformation,  
Agrees with mine, in one great Matter,  
For which there has been such a clatter ;

The

The *Eucharist* which, I must confess,  
The *Catholicks* foolishly express ;

By that great pompous Word, whose Sound  
Offends all Sectaries around.

That great Word *Transubstantiation*,  
Which justly merits Condemnation.

For why should any Scholar wonder ?

A word containing such a Blunder ;

So much Philosophy abstruse

As ne'er can be of any use,

Shou'd be the Source of such Contention;

And never finishing Dissention ;

For in the Terms, 'tis absolute,

Consists the Cause of all Dispute ;

And 'tis but Nonsense to pretend

That in Religion Men contend,

'Tis in the Word, the Strife's contain'd,

All's well, if they be well explain'd.

And now I think without abuse,

That I can call that word abstruse,

Because the Sense which it contains

Can't be perceiv'd by human Brains,

*Pius* indeed, in his Profession

Of Faith, approves the curs'd Expression ;

But I know better ; and pray why,

Shou'd *Pius* be notic'd more than I ?

Substance divided from Extension

From Figure, and from all Dimension ;

Or what with better Consideration

The ingenuous *Barclay* calls Sensation,

Can never be conceiv'd by Man  
 Let him do all that e'er he can,  
 For no such Idea can be found  
 Either above, or under Ground.

Now that this Substance, thus explain'd,  
 In form of Bread before contain'd,  
 Is chang'd, we b'lieve, and what before  
 Was Bread and Wine, is now no more ;  
 And surely this can't give Offence  
 To Persons who are fond of Sense ;  
 For how can any one complain,  
 When Sense's Objects all remain.

All this *Rome's* Church (if she conceives  
 It right) and every *Catholick* believes,  
 And tho' she does not call it Bread  
 Or Wine, yet as no human Head  
 Can form a thought of Bread and Wine ;  
 But by this Stratagem of mine,  
 Which is to join in Consid'ration,  
 Th' assembled Objects of Sensation.

For 'tis but stuff, to think that Creature  
 Can ever think on any Nature.  
 'Tis only accidents, our Mind  
 Can understand ; 'tis what I find,  
 And every Nature's Definition  
 May be turn'd justly to Derision,  
 And as those Objects of our Sense,  
 Can ne'er be found in Spirits, hence  
 Do I infer, that not one Creature  
 Has the thought of spir'tual Nature ;

I shew



I shew thee thus with wit accute,  
Only in Tems, there's no Dispute.

There are Divines, poor foolish Fellows  
Of *Roman Church*, who fain wou'd tell us,  
That while this Mist'ry is believed,  
Our mighty Senses are deceived.

*Thomas of Aquin* in his Prose,  
So says indeed; but pray who knows  
Whether that Doctor, tho' a Divine,  
Had Knowledge of his Church likewise,  
For this expedient's such a Blunder,  
That we shall doubt of every wonder,  
Which to the rising Church appeared,  
Where Truth was by the Senses cleared;  
And now, tho' there's a Revelation,  
Believe me, we've the same Occasion.

Another Fool, *Becunus* named,  
Is not a little to be blamed;  
For he compares the change of Water  
To Wine with this: A different Matter,  
For here Bread's Accidents remain  
Of Water none did Wine contain.

I'll add to what I said before,  
Which I've repeated ten times o're,  
That *Trent's* great Council says no more.  
And had this been the Declaration  
Of Parliament, so every Nation  
Of *Cath'licks*, would subscribe, and then,  
I'd be the Man with witty Pen  
To reconcile *Dissenting* Men.

And

And now I never can conceive,  
 How any Man can swear or b'lieve  
 That so obscure and strange a Creature,  
 As Bread and Wine can be in Nature.

After this learned Dissertation,  
 I shew'd that after Consecration,  
 The Body into which that Bread  
 And Wine is chang'd, as I have said,  
 Is not a Body but a Spirit,  
 And so I think, I've no small Merit.

Then a Divine of Learning mighty  
 Of *England's* Church, with Reason weighty,  
 Remarking all that I had said,  
 Admir'd the Wisdom of my Head;  
 And said that no Dispute remained,  
 Only in Words as I explained.

F I N I S.

